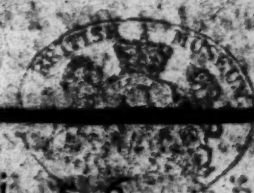


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The True-Born
 English-Woman.
 IN A
 LETTER
 TO THE
 PUBLICK.



Proverbs xxvii. 5. 6.
 Open Rebuke is better than Secret Love.
 Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend, but the Kisses of an
 Enemy are Deceitful.

By a True-Born English-Man

Printed in the year 1703.

The AUTHOR's Appology:

O R,

Address to the W O M E N.

MADAMS,

AS true as I was Born, or from a Woman came,
I do not love to wrong your Sex, or vilify your Name.
For in the Infancy of Time, wise Heaven did foresee
That Men could not subsist alone without your Company.
Then from the Man a Rib was took, and Form'd into a Fair
And Comely Dame, (and Named Eve) who in that fatal Snare
Her Husband drew, by her dire Charms, that to Damnation led
Not only him, but all the Seed that from his Loins have sprung.
Thus you Corrupted were at first, and still Corrupted are,
And mostly are as Foul within, as you without seem Fair.
'Tis True you're useful in your kind, and Man can't well subsist
Without your Helps, but yet such Plagues, ye'll do but what ye list.
If One Exchange Her Duty knows, and will Discharge it too;
A Thousand Others yet there are, will neither know nor do.
In short, your Sex Amendment needs; and this inspir'd my Breast
With Thoughts of Writing what you'll in following Leaves Express:
The Good you'll find have their just Praise, the Bad Ones have their Due,
And maugre all a Woman's Spight, I've Written what is True.

41. 11. 6. 657

The

The True-Born English-Woman

In a Letter to the Publick.

Sirs, or Madams,

IN the Handling of this Subject, which I must Confess of it self is somewhat weighty, I shall Endeavour to avoid the Extreams, either of Satyr or Elogy, also of Tiring your Patience with too long an Epistle. For, sure I am, were I to Express all that can be said of the *Fair Sex*, in Respect to their *Virtues*, or *Vices*, I know not what Volume could contain 'em; and therefore desigining to be very Brief, I begin, First, I must Consider the Government we are under, and as 'tis *Pettecoat*, so it may Reasonably be thought I may be partial in my Character: I do assure you, this Consideration shall not deter me from doing Justice to the *Fair Sex* in General, but shall Endeavour as far as I am able to Compleat the Character of a *True-Born English-Woman*.

As for our Sovereign Lady the **QUEEN**, (whom **GOD** protect and Preserve) she it may justly be allow'd is Solomon's *Virtuous Woman*, whose Price is far above Rubies: for where is one like her to be found; She is a Pearl that Heaven hath gave to Enrich us all; and were we but so wise as to prize it as we ought, what a continued Succession of Blessings should we her Subjects enjoy! She is a Mirror for all her Sex to dress themselves by. Tho' she is Exalted on the Throne, yet she is not puffed up with Pride, but is Humble, Meek, and Lowly, as Ready to hear the Complaints of the Poor, as the Addressee of the Rich; Impartially distributing Justice to all. She affects no Extravagant Apparel; nor strives she by Art to Improve Nature, but mortally hates Patchs or Paint: She is a Lover of Decency, and a Despiser of Superfluities. She is truly Pious and Devout, a Constant Visiter of the Church, or Chappel; and goes not there to be seen of Men, or to Observe Fashions; but to converse with God, to be seen and heard by him; and to be a Good Example to all Others. She is as careful to secure a Crown of Glory in Heaven, as she is to maintain her Crown on Earth. She is Wise and Prudent, Just, and Merciful, Chast and Pure; and in short, is the Best of Queens, the Best of Wives; and (as

I said before) a Mirror of all her Sex to dress themselves by.

For where is such another to be found? Look at Court, look in the City, and search the Countries throughout, and you'd fatigue your self to little purpose. You may, no doubt, find here and there some unpolished Pearls, or Diamonds, but none whose Lustre Reflects so bright and pure as Hers, nor none comparable to her for Vertue or Goodness: I shall not presume to be too Curious in my Search at Court, lest I be thought more Bold than Wise; but sure I am (however the Court may be Reformed in this Reign) there have been formerly some Ladys of Quality more Remarkable for Vice than Vertue, (and I heartily wish there were none now) such I mean as deck themselves like Angels without, but how like Devils shall they be within? Devoted more to the Lust of the Eye, the Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life, than to Humility, Chastity, or Temperance. How many have been known to go to Chapel to Prayers in the Morning, to serve GOD; and in the Evening ride in their Coaches to the Play-House, to serve themselves and the Devil! What great Estates have been Consumed by them on their own Pleasures, but little Employ'd in Hospitality! Some Extremely Proud, and Extravagant in their Attire, and that with Diamonds, Pearls, Watches, Rings, Silks, Fringes, Laces, &c. They would seem to bear the Value of an Indifferent large Corporation-Town on their Backs at once: And bestow more on Perfumes, Washes, Paint, and Patch- es, in a Month, than would keep a poor Man's Family a Quarter of a Year. PRIDE, indeed, is a Natural Qualification in most English-Women; and where they abound in Wealth, they allow themselves no Measures: As Fickle as the Wind, and as Uncertain as the Weather; Scarce knowing how to choose, or please themselves. So many Pounds goes for one thing to day, and so many for another to morrow, and in a little time after all is laid aside as useless, and of little Worth; and thus their Lords Estates are Ransack'd. But Designing to be Brief with the Court, I Dispatch to the City.

The

The *City-Ladies* are generally Proud and High-Spirited, Self-conceited, Talkative; and, in short, as most of them are sprung from a Mungrel-Blood, so are they endow'd with a Medley of Humours, past the Skill of the greatest *Philosophers* to Define or Correct. For many a wise Man finds it a Difficult matter to cope with his Wife. As *Pride* abounds as much in the *City-Ladies* as the *Court*, so are they for aggrandizing themselves by the bulk of their *Husbands Purse*. No *Court-Lady*, of what quality soever, shall appear better plum'd with *Peacock-Feathers* than they. They are absolute, and will not be deny'd; and a Man may as well pretend to Stem the Current of *Water* under *London Bridge*, as check an English-woman in her Humour. If she is deny'd, she will devise a Thousand Fancies to charm the Man to a Compliance: but if he is so wise, or bold, as to Resist her Delusions, slight her Fawnings, and Remain obstinate; she will Fail to render her self (by improving *Nature* by *Art*) acceptable to anothers Embraces, so she can but obtain her Ends. They generally are seemingly mighty Religious, and shall Visite the Church or Meeting every Sunday, not so much perhaps to hear the Word, as to be seen of Men; to display their own Gallantrys, and to observe others; and instead of Repeating the Sermon when they come home, shall talk of the Riches of Gentleness of the their Neighbours Gait, and the Variety of Fashions; and so cut out a certain Expence on Sunday, to be laid out on the Week-days; and Regard not much the Necessities of their Husbands, so they can but serve their own. One material thing, Worthy Notice, I cannot omit; and that is, Some of the more strictly Religious Meeters, have so much Concern for their own and Husbands Souls, that a Lin'd Pew must be purchas'd to sit in, and a certain Summ of Money allow'd their Ministers, that they may Thrive as much in Body, as they in Grace; and are Generally so well affected towards them, that to obtain their Prayers, or Praise, they shall pelfer and Steal from their Husbands, that when they Depart this Life, (such is their Ostentation or Vanity) they may have a Funeral Oration or Sermon bestow'd upon 'em, and still'd Saints with the Lord, who were little better than Devils upon Earth.

Most

Most *True-Born English-Women* are Extraordinary nice in their *Dresses and Houses*, and that's one of their Best Faculties; but thanks be to their Servants: For my Lady her self is not us'd to't. If she has formerly drudg'd in the Kitchen, yet now being Exalted by her Husband's good Fortune, she lays by her Practise her self, and is as much Estranged from it, as if she never knew what it was. She must have Servants to do it for her: and forgetting she was a Servant her self, shall Exercise that Authority, over her Maids, as she (when under the same Circumstance) never would brook withal. If Heav'n has bless'd them with Fruitful Wombs, hey day! what a Pother they make against Lying in. So many Pounds laid out in Rich Child-Bed Linnen, so much Coast bestow'd on a Rich Bed, kept in purpose for that use alone, for the Man shall think it a Favour, if after his Wife is Deliver'd of one Child therein, he shall be permitted to get another in the same. The Man shall have a Catalogue of Expences given him, which tho' enough to Frighten him, or put him to a pause how to Answer it, yet it must be done, or else a Civil War's proclaim'd. The Man sturs his stumps (as loving Peace) to discharge the Scrole, and hugs himself as being a Man of Credit. And Madam *Midwife*, and Mrs. *Nurse*, being well greas'd, sing his Praise for a brave Man, his Wife for a good Woman, and his Child for the Stamp of his own image (most wonderful pretty!) to Encourage him still to be ploughing in good Fertile Ground. — This is the Good Woman's Time of State, wherein she appears in the height of her Pride and Glory; crowds of Visitors come to see her, while thus lying in *Swanage*, and such an Assembly there is of Madams at the Christning, when the Hot-Supplings are dished merrily about, that their shrill Tongues begin to sound, enough to drown the Noise of a Paper-Mill, and uttering of much Nonsense, that they very much Resemble *Bethlemites*. One tells one Tale, another tells another: And how do's your Child do, crys another? and how long have you to go, says another? You have a good Husband, says one: Ay, thank God, quoth she, so I have: I have a very bad Husband, crys another: more's the Pity! God help you! I am sure you deserve a better. My Husband did such a thing, and my Maid did such a thing: And such a Medley of Discourse there is at this time; as would make a Man sick for a Quarter of a Year afterwards to hear it. All Secrets are Reveal'd, be they prejudicial or not For *True-born English Women* can as well keep a Secret, as a *Sieve hold Water*. The Men are shamefully expos'd or foolishly prais'd; for they are as shallow in their Reasons as their Understandings.

Well

Well, to have done with this, lest I be thought to make too large a Digression from my Subject, tho' I think this Particular is Matter of Fact, and may well help to compleat an *English Woman's Character*. Yet I must not break off abruptly with the City-Ladys, to make too quick a Dispatch into the Country.

But to be short: The Citizens Wives are parallel to the Court-Ladies for Pride: equally Religious; as great Lovers of pleasures; and as much admirers of Ease: and are as great Consumers of Patchos, Paint, Washes, Perfumes or Powders, as they; alike Charitable, keepers of Secrets, and Lovers of their Husbands. Here indeed are likewise a few valuable Pearls, or Diamonds, but so unpolish'd that they require a great Deal of Art to be render'd as Valuable, and Glorious as their Mirror, or Queen.

Now to take a little Country Air, and see what I can find among my Dames: Those near the City are a little infected with its Fogg; but those further off, in a clearer, finer Air, are much more innocent, and valuable: Extravagancies suit not with their Customs, or manners. The Honest Farmers Wife, (tho' not wanting Wealth) prides in her high crown'd Hat, and Serge, or Russet Gown; and picks not her Husband's pocket, for Fineries, or Superfluities; but rather adds to his Baggs, by good Housewifery and Marketing, while her Husband's at plough, she'll be a Spinning, and think it no Disgrace to do so neither. But you'll say, 'tis as she was brought up, and what she has been accustomed to all her Lifetime; and therefore 'tis natur'd to her. But are they not as proud in their way, as the City-Gentry in theirs? Truly, I can't find but they are; yet abundantly less Corruptive. They go not to Church, to observe Fashions more than to here the Word sincerely; and their time is not taken up with inventions of Guveries or parting of Fashions; but rather of Land, Cows, Oxen, Hogs, or Sheep, and ordering Marketings well. They are and will be Mistresses in their own provinces, (*Viz. the Dairy Kitchen, Buttery, &c*) and are almost as absolute in the their wills

Wills, as the City-wives. They hold a mighty Correspondence one with another, and are acquainted with every thing that is Transacted for several Miles round them. Their Tongues are generally well hung, and lie as little still as those of the City. In short, tho they agree in some things pretty well, yet they differ much in other. For tho they have wealth enough to maintain a Coach, yet had they rather encrease their Carts or Teams, and can with as good a will Ride in their Carts, with as much Pleasure and State, as our City-Ladies in their Coach and Six.

But to draw to a Conclusion, and sum up their Character in a few Words: These Country Dames are somewhat Tinctur'd with Pride, tho inferior to the City; are more Religious and sincere; less Consumers of Washes, Paints, Perfumes, or Patches, are more Charitable, and somewhat better Housewives; more wholsome, and consequently less sickly; are ten-times their own Physician, and save by their own Prescriptions the Expenses of an Apothecaries Bill, which costs some of our Citizens (on their Wives) Forty Pounds a Year. In short, in every thing almost they are to be valued beyond the City-wives; for they are more frugal in their Expenses: Superfluities are not to be heeded by them.

But ere I write *Finis*, (lest a Female Civil War is Proclaim'd against me) I must say something more than I have already done, of these few unpolish'd Pearls before mention'd. By those I mean some tolerable Good Women, (who in some measure, but not altogether, resemble the Queen) such, whose Extravagancies or Pride exceeds not their Humility or Charity; and who are more conversant with the Church, or Common Prayer Book, than with the Play house, or a Play Book; and are more Loving, Kind and Obedient to their Husbands, than the Generality of their Sex are; and mind not so much the Adornment of their Bodies, as the purifying their Souls; and set not their Affections altogether on this World, as to neglect wholly a Concern for the other; and are as careful in the Education or bringing up up of their Children in the Road to Heaven, with themselves, as others of their own Sex are industrious in bringing them up (with them) in the high Road to Hell; and are more Cautious of Defiling their Husbands Beds, than Others delight in so doing, but these are Rarities.

'Tis granted: There are some few tolerable Good: others intolerably bad, and so vast a Disproportion there is between them, that it is impossible for me to bring 'em to a Balance. Tho in the best of their Sex, the Crooked Rib may be discovered; and a Tincture of Grandame Eve wil remain in that perverse Generation to the World's end. In short I have only this to say, I am sure I shall never be hang'd for speaking Truth; And as I am a Marks man and shoot flying, and several may receive a Wound from me, let the Smart precede a Cure. Correction is good. But I should advise such not to complain, lest the Proverb be verisfy'd in them, *Touch a Gall'd Mare on the Back, and she'll soon Winch*. But Guilty Consciences need no Accusers.

No more at present, but that I am

Yours, &c.

F I N I S.